

THE
CAMBRO-BRITON.

JUNE, 1821.

NULLI QUIDEM MIHI SATIS ERUDITI VIDENTUR, QUIBUS
NOSTRA IGNOTA SUNT. CÍCERO *de Legibus*.

THE TRIADS.—No. XX.

——
TRIADS OF THE ISLE OF BRITAIN*.

xcvii. THE three Powerful Swine-herds of the Isle of Britain :
the first was Pryderi, the son of Pwyll Pen Anwn, who kept the
swine of Pendaran Dyved, his foster-father ; and it was in the
valley of Cuch in Emlyn, that he kept them ; the second was
Coll ab Collvrewi, who kept the sow of Dallwaran Dabllen, that
came burrowing as far as the headland of Penwedig in Cornwall,
and, there going into the sea, she came to land at Aber Tarogi in
Gwent Iscoed, and Coll ab Collvrewi having his hand in the
whistles whithersoever she went, on the sea, or on the land ; and
in a Wheat-field in Gwent she dropped three grains of wheat, and
three bees ; and ever since there have been the best wheat and
honey in Gwent ; and from Gwent she travelled into Dyved, and
there, at Llonis Llonwen, she laid a grain of barley and a pig ;
and from that time the best barley and swine have been in Dy-
ved ; afterwards she proceeded as far as Arvon, and in Lleyn she
laid a grain of rye ; and ever since the best rye has been in Lleyn
and Eivionydd ; and on the skirt of the ascent of Cyverthwch,
she laid a wolf cub and an eagle chick ; and Coll gave the eagle
to Brynach, the Gwyddelian, of Dinas Faraon ; and the wolf he
gave to Menwaed, the lord of Arllechwedd,—and there is much
talk about the wolf of Brynach and the eagle of Menwaed ; and,
from thence going to the Maen Du in Arvon, she there laid a
kitten, which Coll ab Collvrewi threw into the Menai ; and that
was the Palug Cat, that became afterwards a molestation to the
Isle of Mon. The third was Trystan ab Tallwch, who kept the
swine of March, the son of Meirchion, whilst the swine-herd went

* Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. pp. 71—75.

on a message to Epyllt, to desire an interview with her; and Arthur, Marchell, Cai, and Bedwyr, were the four, on the look out for an opportunity, but they were not able to get so much as one pig, by gift nor by purchase, by deceit, nor by force, nor by stealth. They were thus called the powerful swine-herds, because it was not possible to gain or prevail over them for one of the swine that they kept, but they restored them with their full increase to those who owned them.

[The original text of this Triad, as to Pryderi, is—Pryderi, the son of Pwyll Pendaran Dyved, who kept his father's swine: while he was in the unknown world, which appears to be incorrect. It has therefore been made to agree with Triads xxx of the first series, and lvi of the second series. The second series has an addition to the account of Coll, that he tended the swine of Dallwyr Dallben in the valley of Dallwyr, in Cernyw, and one of the swine was with young, which had the name of Henwyn, and there was a prophesy that it would be worse for the Isle of Britain from that gestation; and therefore, Arthur assembled the host of the Isle of Britain, and proceeded to endeavour to destroy it. The other Triads say, that the sow laid a grain of barley and of wheat at Llovion, or Llonwen, in Dyved. Triad lvi for Brynach has Bread, a prince of the North; and respecting the cat thrown into the Menai, it has this addition.—And the sons of Palug in Mon reared it, for evil to them; for it was the Palug cat, which was one of the three chief molestations bred in Mon: the second was Daronwy; and the third was Edwin, king of England.—This Triad is made up of traditions, so worded as to be now inexplicable. Triad lvi in page 98 of this volume, throws some light on Coll, the son of Collvrewi, from which it may be inferred, that the sow was a ship, that brought grain and some animals to Britain, not known here before. The particulars, here related concerning Pryderi, are also recorded in the Mabinogion in the tale of Math ab Mathonwy, of which a short account may be seen in page 32 of this volume.]

xcviii. Three men with their progeny, who were consigned to everlasting disgrace and disfranchisement, and who could not be otherwise than in the condition of slaves: the first was Avarwy ab Ludd, who invited the Romans first into this Island, in the train of Iwl Caesar their emperor, and gave them land in the Isle of Taned; the second was Gwrtheyrn Gwrthenau, who invited the Saxons first into this island, as auxiliaries to him in his usurpation, and gave them land in the Isle of Taned—and may

vil befall whoever gives land to strangers in that island ! And he intermarried with Rhonwen, the daughter of Hors ; and to the son that he begat of her, called Gotta, he gave, by usurpation, the monarchy of the Isle of Britain ; and through that cause the Cymry lost the sovereignty of the Isle of Britain ; the third was Medrawd, the son of Llew ab Cynvarch, who held the sovereignty of the Isle of Britain, under the title of regency, whilst Arthur was opposing the men of Rome beyond the Mountain of Mynau, when they would return as a molestation to this island, wherein the best of Arthur's men were slain ; and, when Medrawd heard this, he joined himself with the Saxons, and brought on the battle of Camlan, where Arthur with his men were killed, only three escaping ; and thence the Saxons became a prevailing molestation upon the sovereignty of the Isle of Britain, killing and driving away such of the nation of the Cymry as did not join with them ; and there were only the tribes of the country of Wales that maintained an opposition to the molestation of the Saxons ; the men of Rome also confirming privilege and lands to the Saxons in the Isle of Britain, as if one intruding nation identified itself with the other, until it befel the men of Rome in the manner that envy consumed itself by the coming of the black molestation upon them.

[Triads xci of the first and vi of the second series agree generally with the above, with the addition of some particulars in the Welsh Chronicles being incorporated with the latter Triad. The substance of the account in the above Triad appears also in Triads xxiv and xxv, in pages 171, and 201 of vol. i. of this work.—The name of *Mynydd Mynau*, the Mountain of Peaks, is understood to imply the Alps.]

xcix. The three Amorous Gallants of the Isle of Britain : first, Caswallawn ab Beli, for Flur, the daughter of Mygnach the Dwarf, who, to obtain her, went as far as the land of Gascony, against the men of Rome, brought her away, and slew 6000 of the Cæsarians, and to avenge which insult it was, that the men of Rome came to the Isle of Britain ; the second was Trystan, the son of Tallweh, for Eyllt, the daughter of March ab Meirchion, his uncle ; third, Cynon, for Morvudd, the daughter of Urien Reged.

[Triad liii of the first series is thus—Caswallawn, the son of Beli for Flur, the Daughter of Mygnach Gôr ; and Trystan, the son of Tallweh, for Eyllt, the wife of March Meirchiawn, his uncle ; and Cynon ab Clydno Eiddyn, for Morvydd, the daughter of Urien. This Triad is not in the second-series. Notices of

Caswallawn may be seen in the former volume, pages 87 and 169. Trystan and Cynon lived in the sixth century ; the former is commemorated in a preceding Triad in this Number.]

c. The three Bull Elves of the Isle of Britain : the Elf of Gwisdawl ; the Elf of Llyr Merini ; and the Elf of Gwrthmwlwledig.

[Triad LXIX of the first series agrees with the above ; but Triad XLIV of the second series has Stag Elves for Bull Elves.—What could have been meant by these elves is left to the readers imagination.]

cl. The three Sylvan Elves of the Isle of Britain : the prominent Elf ; the yellow Elf ; and the Elf of Ednyvedawg the Amorous.

[Triad LXX of the first series, for Melen and Melan, yellow, has Melw, as a different reading ; and Triad XLV of the second series, for Banawg, prominent, has Mânawg, spotted.—This Triad is equally mysterious with the preceding one.]

cii. The three Viragoes of the Isle of Britain : Llewai, the daughter of Seithwedd Seidi ; and Maderai Badellvawr ; and Rhorai Vawr, the daughter of Usber Galed.

[Triad LXIV of the first and xviii of the second series agree with the above. There are no other notices of these viragoes, by which their history can be ascertained.]

ciii. The three Chaste Damsels of the Isle of Britain : Trywyl, the daughter of Llyngesawl Law Hael ; Gwenvron, the daughter of Tudwal Tudglyd : and Tegau Eurvron, who was one of the fair ladies of the court of Arthur.

[Triad LIV of the first series names the damsels—Traul Divevl, Gwenvadon, and Tegau Eurvron. The Triad is not in the second series.—The last of these chaste damsels lived in the court of Arthur ; the history of the other two is uncertain.]

civ. The three Chaste Wives of the Isle of Britain : Arddun, the wife of Catgor ab Collwyn ; Eviliau, the wife of Gwydr Drwm ; and Emerchred, the wife of Mabon ab Dewain Hen.

[In Triad LV of the first, and XLVII of the second series, Collwyn is called Colwyn and Gorolwyn ; and in the latter Eviliau and Dewain are named Eneilian and Dewengan.]

cv. The three Unchaste Wives of the Isle of Britain, who were the three daughters of Culvynawyd Prydain : first, Esysllt Vyngwen, the mistress of Trystan ab Tallwch ; second, Penarwen, the wife of Owain ab Urien ; third, Bun, the wife of Flammedwyn.

[Triad LVI of the first series agrees with the above ; but it is not in the second series.]

CVI. The three Sprightly Ladies of the Isle of Britain : Angharad Tonvelen, the daughter of Rhydderch Hael ; Annan, the daughter of Maig Mygedwas ; and Perwyr, the daughter of Rhun Ryseddavwr.

[Triad LXXIV. of the first series, for Annan, Mygedwas, and Perwyr, has Anan, Mygotwas, or Mogotwas Aneirin, and Penwyr ; and this Triad is not in the second series.]

CVII. The three Fair Ladies of the Isle of Britain : Gwèn, the daughter of Cywryd ab Crydon ; Creirwy, the daughter of Ceridwen ; and Arianrod, the daughter of Don.

[Triad LXXIII. of the first series agrees with the above, with the different reading, for Ceridwen, of Caridwen the Hag, the wife of Tegid. This Triad is not in the second series.—The names in the five last Triads are often mentioned by the ancient bards, and in the Mabinogion.]

CVIII. The three Useless Bards of the Isle of Britain : first, Arthur : second, Cadwallawn ab Cadvan ; and Rhyhawd ail Morgant Morganwy.

[Triad XVIII of the first, and IX of the second series agree with the above.]

CIX. The three chief Christian Bards of the Isle of Britain : Merddin Emrys ; Taliesin Ben Beirdd ; and Merddin ab Madawg Morvryn.

[Triad XCII of the first series agrees with the above ; but it is not in the second series.]

CX. The three Gold Shoemakers of the Isle of Britain : first, Caswallawn ab Beli, when he went as far as Gascony to obtain Flur, the daughter of Mygnach Gor, who had been seduced and carried thither to Caisar the emperor, by one called Mwrrhan the Thief, king of that country, and friend of Iwl Caisar, and Cadwallawn brought her back to the Isle of Britain ; second, Manawydan ab Llyr Llediaith, when he was as far as Dyved laying restrictions ; third, Llew Llaw Gyfes, when he was along with Gwdion, the son of Don, obtaining name and arms from Arianrod, his mother.

[Triads LXXVII of the first, and LVIII of the second series are this.—Caswallawn ab Beli, when he went as far as Rome to fetch Flur ; and Manawydan, the son of Llyr, when he was as far as Dyved ; and Llew Llaw Gyfes, when he and Gwydion were obtaining name and arms from Arianrod his mother.—The Mabi-

nogion of Manawydan and of Math ab Mathonwy explain this Triad : therein it is described that they went, to obtain their objects, disguised as shoemakers.]

cx. Three Royal Domains, that were established by Rodri Mawr in Wales : first, Dinevwr ; second, Aberfraw ; third, Mathraval. There was a prince wearing a diadem in each of the three dominions ; and the oldest of the three princes, whichever of them it might be, was to be the sovereign ; that is to say, King of all Wales ; and the other two obedient to his word, and his word imperative upon each one of them ; and he was chief of law and chief elder in every conventional session, and in every movement of country and nation.

[The events, commemorated in this Triad, are recorded in the histories of Wales. The division of the country into three provinces, as here mentioned, took place about the year 843, when Rhodri Mawr, or the Great, succeeded to the throne. Upon his death, about thirty years afterwards, the three provinces were divided amongst his three sons, Anarawd, Cadell, and Mervyn.]

This collection of Triads contains 17 more, which, as they relate to Arthur, and form a part of a larger class upon the same subject, are omitted here, as they may appear on some future occasion. At the end of this copy of Triads is a memorandum, of which the following is a translation :—

“ These Triads have been extracted from the book of Caradawg of Nant Carvan, and from the book of Ieuan Brechva, by me, Thomas Jones of Tregaron ; and these are all that I could obtain out of three hundred. 1601.”

THE WISDOM OF CATWG.

APHORISMS ON STRENGTH*.

The strength of the learned is his exertion :

The strength of a teacher is his arrangement :

The strength of the wise is his reason :

The strength of the discreet is his consideration :

The strength of the ingenious is his sciences :

The strength of the brave is his courage :

The strength of a host is his courtesy :

* Arch. of Wales, vol. iii p. 60. Another collection of “Aphorisms on Strength” was inserted in the former volume, page 129, from which, however, this differs in most particulars.

The strength of a foreigner is his peaceableness :
 The strength of a bard is his genius :
 The strength of a domestic is his diligence :
 The strength of the just is his conscience :
 The strength of the fortunate is his patience :
 The strength of the pious is his God.

THE ESSENTIALS OF A PATRIOT*.

He is not a patriot who has not dignity :
 There is no dignity without nobility :
 There is no nobility without learning :
 There is no learning without manners :
 There can be no manners without courtesy :
 There is no courtesy without morality :
 There is no morality without justice :
 There is no justice without obedience :
 There is no obedience without piety :
 There is no piety without love :
 There is no love without God.

THE LAWS OF HYWEL DDA.

[Continued from page 399.]

LAWS OF THE COURT.

Porter.

HE is entitled to his land free, and to his house within the porch. He ought to have his victuals always from the Palace, and a dish of meat when the King is there. Out of every present, coming through the gate, he shall have a handful†.

He shall have a billet out of every load of fuel passing through the gate, which he can pull without stopping the horse with his hand on the gate‡.

* Arch. of Wales, vol iii. p. 64.

† To this Wotton adds, in his copy, "viz, of fruit, eggs, and herrings;" in the original, *o aerón, wyeu, a phenweig*.—ED.

‡ The Cotton MS., according to Wotton, explains this more fully, and adds, that, if the Porter did not succeed in taking a billet, he was still to have one for his pains, but not the largest.—ED.

He is entitled to four-pence from every prisoner, upon whom the gate shall be shut.

He ought to stretch out the skins of the animals, which shall be killed in the Palace: for each of them he shall receive one penny.

Out of the booty of swine, that shall pass through the gate, he is to have the sow, which he can lift up by the bristles with one hand, so that her feet shall be as high as his knees. Any animal without a tail, passing through the gate, shall belong to him*.

He ought to act as Serjeant over the vassal-town. For every maiden fee, coming from it, he shall have four-pence. It is his business to summon the men of the vassal-town to work. Out of every fine and commutation, levied upon them, he shall receive a reward.

He ought to have his errands in the palace gratis. He should have the remains of the cheese, which he toasts†.

He ought to prepare the court as far as to giving orders for the straw to be brought and for lighting the fire.

His protection is to keep the person, that commits trespass, until the Steward of the Household passes through the gate to go to his lodging; and the Steward of the Household sends him out of the reach of danger.

His satisfaction for insult is six cows and sixty pence. His price is six score and six cows.

Watchman.

He is entitled to have his land free, and his commons of victuals and his clothes, and a loaf, with its allowance of butter and cheese‡, for breakfast.

He ought only to watch from the time of going to bed until day-break. In the day he shall sleep, and shall do nothing without a reward.

* Wotton adds, that he was also to have the last of the beasts, that went through the gate.—ED.

† It is to be hoped, that the English reader will know how to reverence this high authority for one of a Welshman's favourite dainties.—ED.

‡ The word, here translated, "butter and cheese," is, in the original, *enllyn*, which implies any victuals, that may be eaten with bread. Wotton accordingly renders it *companagium*, a barbarous Latin word, which, according to Spelman, was sometimes written, though it should seem improperly, *compernagium*.—ED.

Some say, he is entitled to the eyes of the animals, which are killed in the Palace, and that he is entitled to his clothes, except cap and stockings.

If he should be found asleep during the time that he ought to watch, though any one were to beat him, he could get no satisfaction; and, if he should not be beaten while found asleep, let him pay a fine to the King.

His protection is from the time he begins to blow his horn, when he goes on the watch, until the gate is opened next morning.

His satisfaction for injury is six cows and six score pence. His price is six score and six cows*.

Provider of Fuel.

He is entitled to his land free, and his commons of victuals and his dish meat, when the King is there, and his clothes.

He ought to have what may be necessary for procuring fuel for the Palace, and, if he loses any thing, he ought to pay for it.

He must keep the horse for carrying the fuel, and receive his provender every night from the Palace, and ride him in going to the wood; and, should he lose him when under his care, he ought to pay the value.

He is not obliged to cut the fuel after it is brought home on the horse, but to leave it in the state he brings it in.

He is entitled to the necks of the animals, which shall be slaughtered in the Palace, because they are chopped on the block with his hatchet.

His protection extends as far as he can fling his hatchet or his bill-hook.

His satisfaction for injury is six cows and six score pence. His price is six score and six cows.

Baker-woman.

She is entitled to have her victuals from the Palace, and her clothes and dish-meat, when the King is there, and her cake, after baking, out of every kind of flour, with which she bakes, and her bed in the provision-house.

* It appears from the copy of the Laws in Wotton, that the Watchman was to be a native Welsh gentleman, which, on account of his near attendance on the King, was, perhaps, considered necessary in those unsettled times, when a distrust of the English was, by no means, unnatural.—ED.

She is not obliged to rise up to any one while she is baking.

Her protection extends as far as she can throw with her spattle.

Her satisfaction for injury is the third of that for her husband: if she have no husband, then half as much as for her brother.

Her price, whether she be sole or otherwise, is half the price of her brother.

Smith of the Palace.

He is entitled to his land free, and to his commons of victuals and dish-meat, when the King abides there.

He is bound to perform the necessary work of the Palace without pay, except three things: these are a stirrup-iron, the rim of cauldron, and the edge of a coulter; or a hinge, a hatchet for fire-wood, and the head of a spear. For each of these three things he ought to be paid down.

He ought to do the jobs wanted by the Officers of the Court *gratis*; but they should make him a present for his labour.

He is entitled to maiden-fee of the daughters of all the other smiths.

He is to have the rarities:—the rarities mean the first liquor, that is brought into the hall*.

His station in the court is on the end of the form, close to the Domestic Chaplain.

His protection extends from the time he begins to work in the morning, until he finishes at night.

His satisfaction for insult is six cows and six score pence: his price is six score and six cows†.

Washerwoman.

She is entitled to have her victuals from the Palace, and her dish-meat when the King is there, and her clothes; and on the

* The original word, here rendered by "rarities," is *ceinon*, which Wotton translates *canon*, a word used by some Latin authors in reference to a certain rate, or allowance for victuals. Accordingly Wotton thinks, that the Welsh word was derived from the Latin, though it is obviously formed from the word *cain*, and consequently implies ornaments, or delicacies of any description. A Welsh bard has the following lines:—

"Ni ddylly corn medd *ceinion* meddwaint,

Bardd ni wypo hwn, hyny dy gaint."

He deserves not the mead-horn with the *delicacies* of inebriety,

The bard, that knows not this, that it is thy song.—ED.

† The Laws, relating to the Smith, are much more numerous in Wotton's Translation; but there is not space to transcribe them here.—ED.

day, when she washes for the Queen, she is to receive a present from her.

Her protection extends as far as she can fling her washing beetle.

Her satisfaction for insult and her price are the same as for the Baker-woman.

Chief of Song.

He is entitled to hold his land free; and his station is by the side of the Judge of the Palace.

He ought to commence singing in praise of God, and then of the King, who holds the court, or of another.

None but the Chief of Song is entitled to ask a gift; and, in dividing with his companions, two shares come to him.

He claims from every minstrel, at the close of his tuition, twenty-four pence.

From every woman, who shall have formerly slept with men, he is entitled to four-pence*.

He has a right to the maiden-fee of the daughters of the other minstrels.

His lodging ought to be with the Heir Presumptive.

His protection is from the time, when the singing shall commence in the court, until the last song shall be finished.

His satisfaction for insult is six cows, and six score pence; and his price is six score and six cows†.

Miscellaneous.

Above we have treated of the Officers belonging to the Court, those who are so according to law, and those by usage and custom, and of their privileges and duties; here we take notice of some other things.

The three indispensables of a King are his Chaplain, to say grace at meat and to sing mass, the Judge of the Palace to explain every thing dubious, and his family to execute his commissions.

The three indispensables of a Gentleman: his harp, his cloak, and his cauldron.

* To this Wotton adds, "unless he shall have received a present (*honorarium*) from her before hand."—ED.

† The same observation applies to the Laws in Wotton under this head, as was made in the last note but one respecting those relating to the Smith.—ED.

The three indispensables of a Villain: his trough, his borer, and his fire-hob.

Three things, which the King should not divide: his treasure, his hawk, and his breeches.

Three other things, which the King ought not to divide with another: gold and silver, bugle horns, and a garment, that has golden fringe to it.

The King's three nets: his horses, his swine, and his cattle; if a man should lose a beast and find it amongst the cattle of the King, for every one so found he shall pay four-pence.

The three nets of a Gentleman: his horses, his cattle, and his swine; should a person find his beast amongst them, let him pay four-pence.

The three nets of a Villain: his herd of swine, his cattle, and his winter cottage from the first of May until August: should he find an animal astray in either, he is entitled to four-pence.

Three things, which a Villain cannot sell without the license of his lord; a stallion, honey, and swine; and, should he sell them, let him be finable, but, if his lord does not buy them, let him sell them in any way he may choose.

Three professions, to which the son of a Villain has no claim, without leave of his lord; and, should he learn them, he must resign them again, unless he be a clerk and has taken orders: these are scholarship, the trade of a smith, and bardism*.

The eight carriers† of the King: a stormy sea, a fugitive of another country, a thief, a person dying childless, and person dying without obtaining a heriot, a transgressor, one, from whom a fine is obtained, and a commutation for wrong.

Whoever shall say an intemperate word to the King, let him pay a double commutation.

Wherever the Chaplain, the Steward of the Household, and the Judge shall be assembled together, there shall be the honour of the court.

The King ought not to go with his army out of the country above once every year. His men are obliged to attend the King in his own dominion, whenever he may call for them; and he

* The foregoing Miscellaneous Laws, though inserted here in the Cambrian Register, belong more properly to the Law Triads (*Trioeidd Cyfraith*), among which they are published by Wotton. The Book of Law Triads occupies in his work 120 folio pages.—ED.

† The Welsh word is *pynvarch*, which Wotton translates *jumenta sarcinaria*.—ED.

has a right to have from every vassal town a man, a horse, and a hatchet for forming encapments; but they are to be at his own cost.

There are nine buildings, which the King's villains are obliged to build for him: the hall, chamber, provision-house, stable, dog-kennel, barn, kiln, privy, and dormitory.

All chattels without an owner go as an escheat to the King.

Whoever shall commit any wrong in a Cathedral Church*, let him pay fourteen pounds, the one half to the Abbot, if he be a Professor of Divinity, and the other half between the Priest and the Cloister. If a wrong is committed in the church-yard, then seven pounds in two shares like the other.

Whoever commits a wrong to any other Church, let him pay seven pounds, one half to the Priest, and the other to the Curate.

[End of the Laws of the Court.]

ANTIQUITIES.

ANCIENT TUMULI.

To the EDITOR of the CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—As the following extracts from that interesting tourist, Dr. E. D. Clarke, throw light upon the controversy as to the original design of the ancient *Tumuli*, which, according to some antiquaries, were sacred edifices, and according to others merely sepulchral, I have to request the insertion of what follows in your interesting miscellany.

The Doctor, in his first volume, speaking of the antiquities of the Cimmerian Bosphorus, observes, that “the neighbourhood of Sienna was entirely covered with *tumuli* of a size and shape that could not fail to excite a traveller’s wonder, and stimulate his research.” He describes the inside of one of those sepulchres accompanied with a plate.

Similar tombs, he remarks, (p. 399.) are found upon all the shores of the Bosphorus. “Close to this now described,” says our tourist, “are many others, and some nearly of equal size. Pallas mentions the frequency of such appearances all round the Bay of Taman. Indeed it would be vain to ask where they are not found.—In view of labour so prodigious, as well as of expen-

* The original is *Mameglwys*, literally a Mother-Church.—Ed.

diture so enormous, for the purpose of inhuming a single body, customs and superstitions are manifest, illustrating the origin of the pyramids of Egypt, the caverns of Elephanta, and the first temples of the ancient world. In memory of the mighty dead, long before there were such edifices as temples, the simple sepulchral heap was raised, and this became the altar whereon sacrifices were offered. Hence the most ancient heathen structures, for offerings to the gods, were always erected upon tombs, or in their immediate vicinity. The discussion founded on a question, whether the Egyptian pyramids were tombs or temples, seems altogether nugatory; being one they were necessarily the other.

Et tot templa Deum Romæ, quot in urbe sepulchra
Heroum numerare licet.—*Prudentius*.

The sanctity of the Acropolis of Athens owed its origin to the sepulchre of Cecrops: without this leading cause of veneration, the numerous temples, wherewith it was afterwards adorned, would never have been erected. The same may be said of many others. On this account, ancient authors make use of such words for the temples of the gods, as, in their original and proper signification, imply nothing more than a tomb or a sepulchre. In this sense Lycophron uses *Τυμβος*, and Virgil *TUMULUS*." Thus far the learned tourist.

There have been various discussions respecting the *Cromlechan* as well as the *Tumuli*, and there can be no doubt, that, in many instances, both of them were dedicated to sacred, or rather to superstitious, purposes. The author of the History of Brecknockshire is decidedly of the opinion, that the Cromlechs were always sepulchral, but the author of "The Mythology of the Druids" regards them as in general devoted to the purposes of superstition, though he allows they were, in some instances, sepulchral. That the monuments of sepulture, especially of the mighty and illustrious, became the objects of religious veneration in ancient times appears pretty evident. Affection for the departed relative, and admiration of the deceased hero, soon degenerated into superstition, and the only religious rites of some modern savages seem to be paid at the tombs of their ancestors.

Dr. Borlase speaks well on the subject of ancient stone monuments in the third Book of his History of Cornwall. The doctor observes, that, "he who has a just regard for the first ages and customs of mankind, and is willing to inquire into the original of those monuments, which are dispersed not only in the

British isles, but in most other nations, will not lose his labour wholly, nor miss of entertainment. He may see the same monuments in Asia and at home at his own doors; the same in Egypt and the westernmost parts of Britain, and may, perhaps, discover the intent and design of them, set forth in other histories, *better than we can expect from the history of our own country.*" This learned author infers, "that some of these monuments were of a truly religious institution, that others were sepulchral, and that both these sorts of monuments became, afterwards, places of public national worship." The doctor has a curious chapter on the ancient Tumuli or Barrows, of which a large extract might prove interesting; but at present I shall be brief. It is observed, "that these are called *Lows* in Staffordshire, and *Lawes* in Ireland; in Wales they are called *Tommen*, in Oxfordshire and Northamptonshire *Cops*; in Teutonic *Brogh*, in Saxon *Byrigh*, whence comes our English word, and in Cornwall they are called *Burrows*. That erected by *Achilles* over his friend *Patroclus*, and the sumptuous one of *Alexander* over *Ephestion*, are the most remarkable in classic history." I shall conclude this paper with the remark, that the most remarkable ancient monument in Britain, COR GAWR, or STONEHENGE, was the grand place of national congress and of worship, in the midst of the tombs of heroes and of princes. J. H.

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, SWANSEA, GLAMORGANSHIRE.

Guilmus Thomas Arm. his solus est.

KIND reader, underneath doth lie
 The true pattern of courtesie;
 A lover of king, church, and laws,
 Of a sound peace the proper cause;
 The scourge of atheists, and profane;
 Such drolling was to him a pain;
 A kind father unto his owne,
 As kind to those that had none;
 Storms of lawsuites his power laid,
 The costs and damages he paid;
 Favourer of arts—'tis wished the grim
 Destroying Death had favoured him.

ROWLAND WILLIAMS, 1753.

Here lyeth a man, both body and bones,
 He was by his trade a joiner of stones,
 Ingraving of letters, and edging all,
 And his coat of arms was three towers tall*.

EPITAPH ON A TOMBSTONE IN A CHURCH-YARD IN
 WALES †.

Dust from dust at first was taken,
 Dust by dust is now forsaken :
 Dust in dust shall still remain,
 Till dust from dust shall rise again.

IEUAN DDU O LAN TAWE.

Swansea, April, 26, 1821:

EXTRACT FROM A MANUSCRIPT TOUR.

OWAIN GLYNDWR.

THERE are few tracts in North Wales, of equal extent with the road from Llangollen to Corwen, which present so beautiful a variety of scenery, and are so powerfully interesting in an historical point of view. About four miles from the former is Glyndyfrdwy, a delightful spot, and celebrated as having once witnessed the generous hospitality of the “last of Cambria’s Patriots, wild Glyndwr.” A green hillock, surrounded with oak and fir-trees, marks the place where the mansion of the chieftain was situated, and all the signs, that now remain of it, are a few loose and straggling stones, scattered about on the eminence. I have always entertained an enthusiastic veneration for the character of this heroic Welshman: but I am well aware that he has been often depreciated as an incorrigible traitor—as a cruel and blood-thirsty rebel. I do not, however, acknowledge the justice of this accusation. We are not to estimate his actions by the nice standard of civilized judgment, nor must we overlook his own

* The original word, for which *tall* is here substituted, is not legible.

† This is copied from an English periodical publication, which does not name the place.

private wrongs, and those of his suffering countrymen. Plunged as Wales then was in a state of the most oppressive slavery, the revolt of her brave people was an act of venial, nay of commendable, self-defence, rather than of traitorous disloyalty; and that man must have been bold and patriotic, indeed, and without one single particle of treason in his heart, who ventured to restore his country from a domination so despotic and powerful. But Owain Glyndwr would not have been that man, had he not been driven to arms by infamous and unendurable oppression. Amidst the recesses of his native hills, and in the bosom of an affectionate family, he lived in unambitious and contented retirement, delighting all with his hospitality, and dispensing numerous blessings among his devoted and happy dependants. But a malicious fiend broke in upon his solitude, and disturbed the even tenour of his life. Lord Reginald Grey of Ruthin, who had large possessions contiguous to those of the Welshman, upon some frivolous pretence or other, seized a considerable portion of land, which had long been the property of the Glyndwrs; nor would he give it up, till a suit in the courts of law was decided in favour of his adversary. This happened in the reign of Richard the Second; and, when Henry the Fourth ascended the throne, Grey, relying on the King's protection, again seized those lands which had been legally awarded to Owain. The chieftain sought redress by a petition to Parliament, but without effect, as his application was not even noticed; even this, aggravating as it must have been to a choleric Welshman, was not sufficient to provoke retaliation: there wanted however but another provocation, and that was quickly given. When Henry went on his first expedition against the Scots, he summoned all his chieftains to attend him with their vassals, and Glyndwr amongst others was ordered to attend the monarch with a certain number of his retainers. The writ of summons for his attendance was entrusted to Lord Grey, who purposely withheld it, till it was too late for the chieftain to obey: and the crafty nobleman then represented to the King, that Owain's absence was the result of his disobedience, obtaining at the same time a grant of all the Welshman's land, who was forthwith declared a traitor. It will be readily imagined, that this insult was too provoking to be endured unresistingly. Owain had endured enough already, and, with a chosen band of trusty followers, he laid waste the territories of Lord Grey, and soon recovered those lands, which had

been so unjustly taken from him. But this was not all. He had long witnessed the miseries of his country, smarting, as it was, under the tyrannic yoke of England, and he determined if possible to break this yoke, and restore Wales to her ancient independence. Besides, he most heartily detested the usurper Bolingbroke; for he was ardently attached to his unfortunate predecessor, and had served him in weal and woe with the most affectionate and unremitting fidelity*. There was yet another, and a powerful, incitement. Owain was a lineal descendant from the Royal House of Wales, and the sceptre of the Principality might be the reward of his valour. It was a splendid prize, well worth a contest. And England and Wales were soon involved in one of the most disastrous civil wars, which ever shook the stability of the English throne. Long and eagerly did the Welsh contend for the recovery of their rights, and, although they were considered in the outset as a puny barefooted rabble†, they speedily proved themselves the worthy inheritors of their fathers' heroic patriotism and sturdy valour. But the strong arm of England finally prevailed, and the Welsh were cast into a state of deep and merciless bondage, from which they did not emerge till the union of their country with England. But, notwithstanding the ill-success of Glyndwr, his undaunted spirit was unbroken and unsubdued to the last; and the English Monarch (Henry Fifth) did not deem it derogatory to his dignity to propose to him terms of mutual accommodation. Death, however, put an end to all the hero's enterprises, and, although more than four centuries have elapsed since he fought the battles of his country, the fame of his gallant achievements still lives unfaded in the breasts of his admiring countrymen.—Well, indeed, may we say of him:—

And he was once the glory of his age,

————— with every virtue

Of civil life adorned, in arms excelling.

His only blot was, that, *too much provoked*,

He raised his vengeful arm against his sovereign.

* Glyndwr adhered to the cause of Richard the Second till the very last, and was taken prisoner with him in Flint Castle. He was knighted by this monarch, and appointed his *scutiger*, or body-squire. When Richard was deposed, he retired to Wales, where he resided till provoked to rebellion by Lord Grey.

† The Bishop of St. Asaph recommended in Parliament that measures somewhat less severe should be adopted with regard to Owain Glyndwr, and his partisans. He was answered by one of the English Peers in these words, "Se de illis scurris nudipedibus NON curare."

It was a lovely evening when we stood on the mount where the Cambrian Patriot dwelt of yore ; and the birds, as they nestled in the oaken boughs above us, carolled in gladness their grateful song to the departed day. We sat down on one of the stones, which had perhaps formed a part of the chieftain's mansion, and indulged ourselves with one of those delightful reveries, which the serenity of the evening, the extreme beauty of the fertile dell, and the romantic associations, connected with it, were so well calculated to inspire. Here in this very spot (I thought) dwelt the heroic and spirited Glyndwr. Here did he exercise those hospitable rites, which so well became the Welsh Knight, and the man of goodly substance. Here was it that the first sparks of that valour were kindled, which burnt so fiercely ere they were quenched for ever ! Here, perhaps, were witnessed those signs, which are said to have ushered the Patriot into the world,—the “fiery shapes” in the heavens, the “frighted flocks and herds”—and all those portents which marked him extraordinary. And here was raised the voice of mourning and woe, when death conquered that spirit which man could never conquer ! And where are the tangible signs of his existence ?—Alas ! there are none in the secret valley of the Dee. His bones, with those of his brave warriors, have long since mouldered into dust, his mansion has fallen to the ground, and his fair domains are enjoyed by others. Yet the green hills surround the valley as they were wont, the verdant meads put on their gay attire in spring, and lose it again in autumn, and the river still glides on, unconscious of its vicinity to a spot so dear to the memory of the mountain peasant of Cambria. And thus it ever is : the stupendous and beautiful mechanism of Nature is not deranged by individual misfortune. “When I reflect,” observes an elegant writer, “what an inconsiderable atom every single man is, with respect to the whole creation, methinks it is a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its old course, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast, as they were used to do. The memory of man (as it is elegantly expressed in the Wisdom of Solomon) passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day.” R.

LETTERS ON RADNORSHIRE.

LETTER I.

To the EDITOR of the CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—Among all the different counties of the Principality, it may be affirmed, that perhaps not one is less noticed by our tourists, nor more generally slighted, than the county of Radnor. Its population, it is true, is slender, its towns and villages small, its antiquities and mansions not numerous, and a great part of the country sterile and uninteresting, Its inhabitants are not bold and enterprising, nor have they to boast of their ancient warriors, such as the Gams, the Tudors, the Vaughans. It has lost its ancient language and thereby its connexion with other parts of Wales, and it is greatly deficient in not being properly intersected with good roads. For want of completing the road from Newtown to Llandrindod, the conveyance from the Wye to the Severn is interrupted, whereas, by remedying that defect, there might be a direct carriage road from the Bristol Channel through Brecon, Builth, Newtown, &c. to Chester.

Radnorshire, for the most part, once pertained to the province of Powys, and is within the diocese of St. David's, with the exception of six parishes in that of Hereford. In having for the most part entirely lost the Welsh language, it forms an anomaly among the other counties of Wales; though there are districts of Montgomeryshire, Denbighshire, and Flintshire, in the north, and of Glamorgan and Pembroke in the south, where the Welsh language is not now spoken; and we may add Monmouthshire, which is foolishly called an English county. Yet even in the last named county there are tracts, where the inhabitants are still tenacious of the ancient language of Arthur's court, and retain the bold character of the old Silurians.

But this county is far from being uninteresting in all its tracts. On the banks of the Wye, and the Teme, it exhibits fine pasture lands, and nothing can exceed the fertility and pleasantness of the country on the south of the forest of Radnor. As to bold and striking features, this county is not destitute, whether we look to the banks of the Wye, which divide it from Brecknockshire, the grand scenery of the forest, or the varied hills which overlook the Teme. The artist need not complain for a want of subjects for the pencil. The Stanner rocks between Radnor and Kington are

grand and romantic ; but from the summit of the forest he, that has an eye to see nature, and a heart to feel the pleasures of the sublime, may feast the senses in the most delightful manner, with the distant view of mountain over mountain. In ascending from Llanvihangel, you seem to leave behind a grotesque set of inferior hills while you mount to the summit, and on your right you have hollows, vales, and eminences, surmounted at a distance with a still loftier region of hills and mountainous tracts, until you gain the height, and Cadair Arthur, or the Brecknock Beacons, then shews itself in the clouds. Looking westward and northward, you see some of the proudest fortresses and garrisons of Nature's kingdom, and in a different direction the Malvern Hills, dividing the counties of Hereford and Worcester, may be seen. But, besides the distant views, the traveller cannot fail being struck with the singular waterfall, called *Water-break-its-neck*. The dreadful chasm, which nature has there formed, and judged to be 70 feet high, is bold and precipitous, so that, when the stream is copious, the appearance is awfully grand. The wild shrubbery growing out of the pendant rocks, which break the continuity of this waterfall, and the breadth, as well as height, of the chasm gives the whole a variegated as well as tremendous aspect ; but I desist from any farther attempt at describing a scene, which imposes on the fancy a mingled sensation of terror and delight.

The character of the people of this country is in general unassuming, modest, and inoffensive. They possess not indeed much of the fire and ardour of the Cambrian. Their manners are civilized, and rather tame than enterprizing. There are few resident gentlemen, and a central town is wanted. As to their agriculture, there is more pasturage than tillage, and some parts of the county are productive of excellent cattle. As the principal road from Worcester and Hereford to Aberystwith lies through Radnorshire, that promises some advantage to the country. Llandrindod waters might be rendered of more utility to the inhabitants, and more serviceable to the public, if more generally known ; but the uninviting appearance of the vicinity, and the want of those attractions, found in other watering places, will continue to prevent this spot from being a place of general resort. The exertions of a few public spirited men would conduce much to the improvement of this neighbourhood, especially as there is some reason to believe, that beds of coal might be discovered. A few plantations would prove both an ornament and shelter to

the country. In attempts of this kind a proper example has been set in the contiguous county of Montgomery worthy of imitation.

I shall defer any farther notice of Radnorshire until my next.

IEUAN AP BRYCHAN.

LETTER II.

To the EDITOR of the CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—Among the principal antiquities of Radnorshire may be considered that territorial boundary, called Offa's Dyke, being attributed to that powerful prince, Offa, king of Mercia, whose territories extended to Shropshire and Herefordshire, comprising also Staffordshire, Warwickshire, Leicestershire, and Nottinghamshire. He had frequent conflicts with the Welsh, and, either by compulsion or treaty, the rampart, we are speaking of, was thrown up, and of which we have evident remains on the borders of Herefordshire, Radnorshire, and Shropshire, pretty nearly marking the present division of the counties. It is very conspicuous, being not much wasted by the lapse of time, for some miles crossing the hill from the Teme side to Newcastle, in Shropshire, and from thence along the edge of that county, and that of Montgomeryshire, over the Long Mountain to Oswestry, from whence anciently it went near to Wrexham, not far from which town, on the Ruthin road, is *Adwy'r Clawdd*, a memorial of its existence as we are apt to think. There is no plain vestige of it through Flintshire; but the common assertion of our antiquaries makes it complete, from the mouth of the Wye in Monmouthshire, to the estuary of the Dee in Flintshire. But, on the one hand, I believe it cannot be traced in Monmouthshire, and the supposed extremity of it northward has been confounded with another similar work, called Watt's Dyke. As this mound was raised by the Mercian king to serve as the boundary of his domains, it probably terminated with the Wye somewhere between Hereford and Willersley southward, and on the borders of Denbighshire northward, where the Dee flows between that county and Shropshire, or near to its bounds. If any of your readers can correct me, it would give me pleasure to be set right where I labour under any misapprehension*.

* Offa's Dyke is now generally presumed to terminate in the township of Treuddin, in the parish of Mold, Flintshire, not far from the borders of Denbighshire. See Vol. i. of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 137.—Ed.

The situation of Caractacus's camp is certainly in Shropshire, both according to the boundary of Offa and the present division of that county from Radnorshire; but from the high grounds, above the river Teme in the latter county, you have a fine view of the difficult access to the situation where the Britons encamped. The camp is now called the *Gaer Ditches*, from the evident marks of an entrenchment still visible. That this was the situation, described by Tacitus, there can be, on the whole, little doubt, as it presents a precipitous front, and capable of a fine defence. The river, especially if swollen by a recent flood, seemed likely to present an obstacle to the Roman progress, while the nature of the country behind facilitated the escape of Caractacus, when he saw the day was lost.

It was on the opposite side of this county, that Llywelyn ab Gruffydd drew up his little army, with the view of contesting the fate of a battle, on which the existence of his life and power depended; but, having crossed the Wye into Brecknockshire, he was surrounded in a wood, while waiting the coming of some of his friends, and there became a prey to the enemy.

I shall here beg leave to observe, that this county, though so little known to fame, has had some names of note worthy of being recorded: such were Dr. John Davydd Rhys, and Mr. Lewis, the author of "The Ancient History of Great Britain." More recently, the Rev. author of "Celtic Researches" reflects an honour on this his native county, and, for his sake, the foul disgrace of Aberedw, as his native spot, should be at length wiped away. The translator of Aneurin* I also conceive to pertain to the same county, and one of your most respected correspondents, and a zealous friend of the Cambrian Societies, is a clergyman of Radnorshire†. The venerable bard of Maelenith is not the least ornament of his country, being possessed of a genius and an ability, which would do credit to a more enlarged circle than that in which he moves.

Prejudices may exist against any country; but we should acknowledge that every district has some excellencies, while there is none without defects. What I have done with respect to Radnorshire I wish some of your correspondents would do as to other counties or particular tracts. I may, perhaps, attempt something farther if this should succeed. A history of Radnorshire is

* The Rev. William Probert, of Alnwick.—Ed.

† The Rev. W. J. Rees, of Cascob, in whom the cause of Welsh literature has always found an active friend and supporter.—Ed.

in contemplation, if the gentleman who proposes it meet with due encouragement. The history of Monmouthshire and Brecknockshire we have from able hands ; and the Historical Tour through Pembrokeshire, by Mr. Fenton, is no mean performance, any more than the History of Cardiganshire by Mr. Meyrick. But when shall we have a history of the interesting county of Glamorgan ? I am, Sir, your's truly,

LEUAN AP BRYCHAN.

THE MISCELLANIST.—No. XIII.

MODERN STATE OF WALES.

To the EDITOR of the CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—In a work, like your Miscellany, devoted to the promotion of Cambrian Literature, it will not be deemed, I presume, inappropriate to offer some remarks on the present state of the Principality. The crude notions, advanced too frequently respecting poor Cambria even by men of some emience, it is hoped, are now pretty well exploded, and that her sons in general are not now to be treated with such contempt, as to make a respectable Cambrian “hide his diminished head” at the mention of this country’s name, when he finds himself at a distance from home. An Anglo-Saxon friend of mine once observed, as he thought very shrewdly, that, as the Welsh are made little of by other people, they take care to make the most they can of themselves. I wish there were more truth in the remark, as it has respect to those of the sons of Cambria, who are capable of doing honour to their native land. There are certain views of the subject, that would induce us to wish all distinctions done away and to blend in one all the inhabitants of the British Isles in matters of general literature as well as politics and civilization. But why should not Wales as well as Scotland have some institutions of her own, to distinguish her sons, by calling forth their talent and genius, and embodying whatever may give dignity to the descendants of the primordial Britons ? There can be no doubt that many will follow, if spirited individuals continue to lead the way ; and what more auspicious names can there be, than Bishop Burgess, Lord Dynevor, and Sir Watkin William Wynn ? The ancient institutions, recently revived, will soon afford convincing proofs, that the genius of former days is not extinguished, while we

endeavour both to cherish a regard for the institutions of our ancestors, and to cultivate compositions in the modern language of the British empire relative to our national traditions and remains. Let all ancient prejudices of a hostile nature be buried in eternal oblivion, while the Cambrian is gratified in preserving the historical and poetical relics of his ancestors, and encouraging modern genius and native talent. We may thus emancipate ourselves, and enforce our claims to the respect due to the country of Pennant, and of Johnes. The project of a Cambrian Plutarch is in connexion with my subject, and, it is hoped, will not be abandoned. But it is not the literary cultivation of Wales only that I plead for, but the efforts of native genius in every shape and form that can conduce either to ornament or utility. Let the agriculture and the mechanic arts of Cambria meet with due encouragement, and let the advantages of our interesting country be duly improved. What has been already done may be extended to other instances. The iron works of Glamorgan are now become the most celebrated perhaps in the world, and in that county, as well as in the counties contiguous to it, the manufacture of coarse woollens and blankets might be carried on to a great extent, as they have been long since upon a small scale. If the capital of our gentry were embarked in speculations of this nature, though perhaps some loss might be sustained in the first instance, the use of machinery, which might all he had at home, would prove as productive upon the streams of our vallies as in other parts of the island. One branch of manufactures, that of flannels, has been carried on with spirit in Montgomeryshire, and some good specimens of home-made cloth have been produced in Glamorgan, Brecknock, Radnor, and Merionethshire. In point of weaving and milling, the Welsh makers would soon improve, and, if capital were employed, they would also improve in the finishing of their fabrics.

The improvements in many of the Welsh towns have been very great within the last thirty years. The progress of education has also been considerable. New or improved roads, train-ways, and navigations are numerous in South Wales ; and the ports of the Bristol Channel, in consequence of the collieries, iron and copper works, are frequented by a great number of vessels, as are the ports of Caernarvon, Bangor, and Amlwch, in North Wales. The importance of Milford and the celebrity of Tenby and Abeyrswth, as bathing places, are well known. J. H.

HU GADARN.*

THE following wood-cut is the copy of a Bas Relief found under the Church of Notre Dame, in Paris, in the year 1711, and which was first published by Montfaucon, in his "*L'Antiquité Expliquée*," from whence it was copied, in the "*Early History of the Cymry*," by the Rev. Peter Roberts, who considers the Hesus of Gaul, and the Hu of the Cymry, to have been one person, and that the attitude, in which he is here represented, "denotes either clearing the ground or pruning, either of which is," according to the Triads, "suitable to the character of Hu Gadarn."



* The Editor is indebted to Mr. Cathrall, Author of the "*History of North Wales*," now coming out in numbers, for the use of this wood-cut, which has already appeared in his publication.

AWEN CYMRU.

A'th rodd yw athrwydd Awen.—EDM. PRYS.

ARWYRAIN MADAWG MAB MAREDUDD.

Gwalchmai ai cant*.

Arddwyreav deyrn eurgym addawd,

Eisor cor cwbllddawn, estrawn drallawd,

Ystryw dramesur,

Ysgawl pybl pobl-ddur,

Present benadur,

Prysur ddurawd.

Prydain a danad,

Prydyddion borthiad,

Boed cyvoed dy rad

A'th wlad a 'th wawd.

Ethyw dy ergyd

Yn eithavoedd byd,

Arthur gadernyd,

Menwyd Medrawd.

Madawg, maws odrudd,

Mygr-vab Maredudd,

Meiriau drabludd,

Drablawdd fosawd.

Ag ysid arnad âr neb vwy gnawd,

Na mwy gròni aur nog erwaint vlawd :

Ni rydd rhwysg eryr

Hyd troed o'i dymhyr

Er olyn herwyr

Yn herw ystawd :

Nid haws i'th esgar dy gosbawd

No chafael tywyn ni bo tywawd ;

Nid oes gysdedlydd

I hael hevelydd

Or à byrth bedydd

A fydd a fawd :

Nid ydyw yn vyw,

Ni ddaw, ni ddoddyw,

Ni chynan, ni chlyw,

Ni chlud molawd,

Hyd pan ddel Cynan, cain addvwyndawd,

A Chadwaladr Mawr, mur pob ciwdawd,

* Arch. of Wales, vol. i. p. 200.

ENGLISH POETRY.

THE PRAISE OF MADAWG*.

A TRANSLATION OF THE PRECEDING POEM BY GWALCHMAI.

A PRINCE I sing, whose teeming boards contain
 Rich horns of gold, who lives the foeman's bane,
 In skill supremely bright,
 His people's shield and might,
 The age's proud delight,
 With steel of furious flame!
 Yes, Britain owns thy sway,
 Friend of the bardic lay,
 And blended e'er be they—
 Thy country and thy fame!
 To farthest climes hath flown
 Thy worth, thy high renown;
 Thy might, as Arthur's gown,
 With Medrawd's skill arrayed!
 Madawg, of mind so fair,
 Maredudd's splendid heir,
 Let cowards, with despair,
 Crouch to thy matchless blade.

Never shone fitter charms than grace thyself,
 Thou, who as dross e'er deem'st the hoarded pelf!
 Madawg, of eagle-course,
 Who of thy ample lands
 Ne'er gavest aught to force,
 Nor fear of hostile bands!

Sooner thy foes a sandless shore may see
 Than from thy chast'ning arm and vengeance flee:
 Nor rival e'er may claim
 To match thy generous fame,
 'Mong those of Christian name,
 With faith and fortune bless'd.

* This poem by Gwalchmai, of whom notices have appeared in the former pages of this work, was addressed to Madawg ab Maredudd ab Bleddyn, Prince of Powys from 1133 to 1159. It evidently wants the fire, that pervades the poet's other productions, but is not without its merit as an encomiastic ode.—Ed.

Such may not now be seen,
 Nor, haply, e'er hath been,
 Nor in time's round, I ween,
 Shall one be so caressed;
 Till Cynan come, in fairest virtue bright,
 And great Cadwaladr, of every tribe the might*.

* * *

LINES

WRITTEN FOR RECITAL AT THE LATE
 ANNIVERSARY OF THE CAMBRIAN INSTITUTION †.

Redeunt Saturnia regna.—VIRG.

WHO, that hath strayed near Tyber's ancient stream,
 Rapt into visions of some classic dream,
 Musing, perchance, on some long-vanished age,
 Bright with the fame of hero and of sage,
 Haply on that, when Genius, all refin'd,
 Triumph'd in Cæsar's sword or Tully's mind;
 'Till now the wanderer, waking from his trance,
 Throws o'er the altered scene his rapid glance,
 And eyes each mouldering fane, each prostrate dome,
 The gorgeous wreck of all that once was Rome:—
 Who, that hath lost himself in dreams like this,
 Hath never long'd to realize the bliss,
 Hath never wish'd, that some enchanter's pow'r
 Might from the past redeem the splendid hour,
 When Roman arts and Roman genius gave
 Their mingled triumph, Tyber, to thy wave?

Yet lives not Rome, as in her mightiest day,
 Still in th' historian's page and poet's lay?
 Lives not, as ever lived, th' Horatian lyre,
 And all its strings e'er caught of Grecian fire:—
 Blooms not the Mantuan muse in all her charms,
 Chaunting her rural themes or feats of arms,

* The two concluding lines contain the substance of repeated predictions by Merddin and other ancient bards.—See p. 262 of the present volume, where an instance occurs of their use by Merddin. Their adoption here appears somewhat strange, as both Cynan and Cadwaladr must have been long anterior to Gwalchmai's time.—ED.

† These lines, which were intended to be read at the late Anniversary of the Cymmrodorion, are inserted here, not on account of any particular merit they possess, but because they seem applicable to the occasion, for which they were written.

As now she revels 'mong the pastoral train,
 Or now sublimely sings of Latium's ancient reign:—
 Teems not the page with Sallust's pregnant sense,
 Ovid's soft musings, Tully's eloquence?
 And thus, as erst, we find all-conquering Rome
 Bear in each clime her empire and her home.

Hear this, ye sons of CYMRU's ancient race,
 Hear it and ask, if none for you may trace,
 With magic skill, some vestige of the past,
 And bid your country's genius live and last.
 Though, CYMRU, not in arts or arms thy name
 May vie with Roman or with Grecian fame,
 Yet hath the Muse, with an unsparing hand,
 Her bounty scattered o'er thy mountain land.
 From earliest time thy AWEN gave its bloom,
 To cheer thy freedom, or to deck its tomb;
 From earliest time, thy woods and rocks among,
 Thy gifted bard hath weaved his varied song,
 To chaunt of Druid lore, or tune his lays
 To themes of love, or peerless Arthur's praise.

Methinks, e'en now, as o'er the waste of time
 I throw my ravished eye, a band sublime
 Starts from the mist of ages, to display
 The glories, CYMRU, of thy prouder day.
 Methinks, I see, first in the glowing dream,
 Him, Chief of Bards, who sang near Tywy's stream,
 Who tuned to mystic lore his 'raptured string,
 Or, haply, gave his muse a loftier wing,
 To tell of Uthyr's or of Urien's fame,
 And wed to their's his own immortal name*.
 But who is he, with pace so sad and slow,
 That seems to bend beneath a nation's woe?
 'Tis he, who sang of Cattræth's bloody field,
 And wept that Britons should so basely yield;
 'Tis he, who saw Gododin's deed of shame,
 Mourn'd o'er the sickening sight, and made it fame,
 Sigh'd o'er his country's fall 'mong floods of gore,
 And gave the world one deathless epic more†.

* Taliesin,—of whom see a short Memoir in the former volume, p. 10.

† Aneurin,—he author of the Gododin, which, although here called an epic, is, more properly, an heroic, poem.—See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i. pp. 91 & 389 for some notices of Aneurin and his poem.

Now, hark! a deeper strain, a holier sound,
 In sorrowing numbers, trembles all around,
 As to the winds yon aged minstrel throws
 The plaintive record of his matchless woes :
 His plunder'd home,—his friends, his patrons slain,
 His twenty sons, stretch'd on the battle-plain,
 And, ah! himself an exile, doomed to stay,
 Through sadly lingering years, for life's decay,
 Friendless and childless sinking to the grave,
 None but his muse to cheer him or to save*.
 But lo! another comes :—with eye of fire
 I see him seize old Pindar's long-lost lyre,
 And Grecian spirit glows in CYMRU's lay,
 As Gwalchmai sings of Owain's glorious day,
 When routed armies owned the hero's might,
 And CYMRU's banner waved o'er Moelvre's height†.
 But cease!—of arms no more:—a softer strain
 In Lydian measures floats along the plain,
 While sweetest music fills the ravish'd strings,
 As CYMRU's Petrarch of his Laura sings,
 And all his soul melts into fond desire,
 As now his Dyddgu's charms, his Morvudd's now inspire‡.

Much still of CYMRU's bards could I rehearse,
 Might all, that crowd my vision, fill my verse ;
 But who shall count that long and splendid line,
 By AWEN nurtured with her flame divine?
 Who, in that brilliant galaxy of fame,
 Shall tell each star, that bears an honour'd name?
 Yet, one remains, of all the gifted race,
 Whom most the Muse's charms conspired to grace,
 Latest and mightiest of the Bardic throng,
 Who gave to varied themes his varying song ;
 Now tuned his moral strain to Happiness,
 That richest, rarest GEM, supreme to bless ;

* Llywarch Hen,—of whose life, sorrows, and writings an account was given in the former volume, p. 287. He is recorded to have lived to the extraordinary age of 150 years.

† For some specimens of Gwalchmai's muse see vol. i. p. 229 and the present volume, pp. 183 and 459.

‡ Davydd ab Gwilym,—one of the most eminent poets of the fourteenth century. A considerable portion of his effusions, now extant, are devoted to Morvudd and Dyddgu, but much the greater proportion to the former of these fair ones, who may therefore be considered his Laura. An edition of the poet's works, with an excellent preface by Mr. Owen Pughe, was published in 1789.

Now raised to Heaven the soul-ennobling lay,
 And sang sublime of Judgment's awful Day.
 Ill-fated seer ! whom wrongs condemned to roam
 Far from his much-loved plains and early home,
 Forbidden there a resting-place,—a grave,
 And doomed to perish o'er th' Atlantic wave.
 Yet lives not still Goronw's magic name,
 CYMRU, at once thy glory and thy shame* ?

But happier scenes approach :—I see the ray
 Relume our land, that shone in Gruffydd's day † ;
 A brighter æra o'er our hills ascends,
 And in one orb the scatter'd fragments blends
 Of all, that 'raptur'd bard or studious sage
 Had mused of yore, to gild a deathless page ;
 Of all, that now, perchance, may lend its beam,
 To shed new light o'er learning's sacred stream,
 As song and science mingling flow around,
 And all is life on CYMRU's classic ground.

Then hail, auspicious hour ! and welcome thou,
 Queen of the heavenly smile and sparkling brow ;
 Welcome, sweet Hope, to Genius ever dear,
 Friend of the AWEN, when no friends are near !
 And, with thee, welcome CYMRU's earlier fame,
 When patrons loved and felt the bardic flame !
 New Ivors ‡ now, new Owains § shall arise,
 To foster Genius, drooping as she lies,
 And point the path to yonder kindred skies ;
 While CYMRU's name shall triumph as of yore,
 And her bright halo beam more widely than before.

* * *

* Goronw Owain, who was born in the early part of the last century, was a native of Anglesea and a minister of the Church of England. After a series of misfortunes, among which the neglect of his countrymen was not the least, he emigrated in 1757 to America, where he died. His works have been printed in the *Diddanwch Teuluaid*, now become very scarce : there are also two of his letters in the second volume of the *Cambrian Register*, and one in the *Cambrian Biography*, in which he gives an interesting account of his life. The effusions of his muse have never been surpassed by any child of the *Awen*.

† Gruffydd ab Cynan,—Prince of North Wales during the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and a distinguished patron of the bards.

‡ Ivor Hael,—patron of Davydd ab Gwilym.

§ Owain Cyveiliog,—Prince of Powys in the twelfth century, a friend of the bards, and himself a successful votary of the muse.

WALES.

METROPOLITAN CAMBRIAN INSTITUTION.—On Tuesday, the 22nd inst., a numerous meeting of gentlemen, connected with Wales, took place at the Freemasons' Tavern in honour of the first Anniversary of this Institution. The day was selected as being also the first Anniversary of the birth of an heir to Wynnstay, whose patriotic owner, Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart., President of the Society, took the chair upon this interesting occasion. There were besides present many gentlemen of the first respectability, as well resident in the Principality as in London, and among them several known friends of the *Awen* and promoters of our national literature.

The business of the day commenced at four o'clock, and soon afterwards the judgment of the Committee, appointed to decide on the merits of the several Odes, seven in number, which had been received as competitors for the medal, was announced by the members *seriatim*; and Mr. Thomas Jones, of Long Acre, (*Bardd Cloff*), proved to be the successful candidate. It was, however, at the same time stated, that, if it had come within the plan of the Society to bestow two medals, the other would have been awarded to an Ode of great merit with the assumed signature of P. I. The next transaction of interest was a resolution, into which the meeting entered, to purchase the valuable MSS. of the late Mr. Owen Jones, now in the possession of his widow, embracing the numerous productions of the Welsh bards during the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. And, as, from other demands on the funds of the Institution, they were not at present adequate to this patriotic object, it was also resolved, that a special subscription should immediately be set on foot for the purpose: and it may not be improper to add here, that one has since been commenced under the auspices of Sir W. W. Wynn and the Bishop of St. David's, who have come forward on this, as on every other, occasion, connected with the interests of Wales, in a manner the most liberal. In the course of the meeting,—all the proceedings of which there is not space here to detail,—a copy of the "*Horæ Britannicæ*" was presented to the Society, with an able and spirited letter from the ingenious author, the perusal of which excited considerable interest. The business of the meeting closed with the nomination of Officers for the year ensuing, when the gentlemen, before in office, were unani-

mously re-elected. It should now be noticed, that two or three productions, connected with the views of the Society, had been prepared for recital on this occasion, but, from a want of time, were unavoidably reserved for a future meeting.

At six o'clock the company, in number about seventy, sat down to a dinner, which, it is but justice to say, was, in every way, worthy of the acknowledged reputation of the Freemasons' Tavern. To particularize every national trait of the festivities, that succeeded the dinner, would go far beyond the necessary limits of this account. It must, therefore, suffice to state generally, that a variety of toasts, connected with the objects of the day, were drank with characteristic enthusiasm,—several Welsh airs and melodies were played,—and our favourite national custom of singing *pennillion* with the harp was enjoyed in a superior degree. Mr. Edward Jones, Bard to His Majesty, performed also his “Welsh airs with variations” in excellent style, and received in return the rapturous cheers of the company. The exertions, likewise, of Mr. Parry, Editor of the “Welsh Melodies,” who so ably arranged and conducted the musical performance, as well as of the professional gentlemen with him, towards augmenting the interest of the occasion, were frequently acknowledged by long and loud plaudits*. Nor would it be just to pass unnoticed the services of Mr. Prichard, Harper to the Gwyneddigion, who so happily succeeded in extracting the soul of melody from the favourite instrument of the Cymry.

In the course of the evening the Prize Ode on the “Revival of the Cymmrodorion” was recited with great effect by the Rev. Mr. Williams of Ystradmeirig, and received with an applause enthusiastic and well-merited. In a word, the first Annual Festival of the Cambrian Institution was marked by those peculiarities, which are so well qualified to ensure permanence to the cause, for which the Society was established. It was the reign of harp and song, of hilarity and good fellowship; and it is especially due to the worthy baronet, who presided, to add, that his patriotic conduct on the occasion contributed, in an essential respect, to promote the general festivity†.

* * *

* The Welsh words, adapted by Mr. Owen Pughe to “Non nobis Domine,” and finely sung on the removal of the cloth by Mr. Parry and his professional friends, as well as Mr. Parry’s beautiful air of the “Minstrel Boy,” given with such admirable effect by Master Smith, deserve particular notice.

† Sir W. W. Wynn took an occasion during the evening to state, that His Majesty would visit Wales in the course of the summer. It is, in fact, known, that he intends honouring Wynnstay with a visit about the latter end of July.

GWYNEDDIGION SOCIETY.—It is the intention of the Members of this Society to have a Jubilee Dinner on the 3d of September, as this is the fiftieth year of their establishment, in honour of the birth-day of their founder the patriotic Mr. Owen Jones, whose inestimable exertions in the cause of Welsh literature are too well known, and too generally appreciated, to need any eulogium here. There can be no doubt, therefore, that due honour will be done by the Society to an occasion, at once so interesting to themselves, and so honourable to their country.



WREXHAM EISTEDDFOD.—It will be seen by an advertisement accompanying this number, that the Report of the proceedings of this Eisteddfod, as well as the Poems, which were produced on the occasion, are now published: and they cannot fail to interest all those, who take any delight in the spirit of literary inquiry now excited in Wales. The Report, in particular, is drawn with judgment, copiousness, and fidelity, and will always remain an accurate and important memorial of one of the most interesting assemblies that ever Wales presented to the admirers of our national lore. It would, perhaps, be an act of injustice, even if space permitted, to make any large extracts; but something is due to the occasion, and the reader may besides be the more induced by a short specimen to consult the publication itself. The following brief passage, therefore, extracted from the speech of Mr. Heber will be admired not merely as conveying the sentiments of an Englishman, and a gentleman of distinguished talent, but as being remarkably applicable to the occasion on which it was delivered.

“Though not myself a Welshman, and though I have not the good fortune to be able to appreciate, any otherwise than through the medium of translation, the treasures of your elder Bards, I cannot at all forget that it is from them Gray and Southey have borrowed some of the most striking poetry which my own language contains, or that the British tongue had already attained a high degree of cultivation. Nor can I forget that in the pedigree of almost all existing tongues, and in the history of all civilized nations, a knowledge of your antiquities is necessary to a certain extent, whether to the Philologist or the Antiquary; inasmuch as they were your ancestors, who first colonized the widest and fairest regions of Europe, and who have left behind them, intermixed with the language of their successors, and impressed on the most striking features of nature from Caucasus to Denmark, the traces of their previous occupancy.

“ ‘But even, if the language of the Cymry were less ancient, or its stores less valuable, yet so long as it is the living language of half a million of our fellow christians, and fellow subjects, it must richly deserve, and abundantly repay, whatever labour or encouragement may be bestowed on its cultivation. It is evident to all, who consider the subject with attention, that, as every man *thinks* in his mother tongue, so whoever is compelled to express himself in a language, different from that in which his conceptions are formed, is, however unconsciously, compelled to the act of translation. But we all of us know from a comparison of those classic writers which we read in the original with even the best translation, which modern talent and learning can supply, how much is lost in the course of such a transmutation: how much of fire, how much of originality evaporates, and how greatly the sharp touches of genius are effaced from each succeeding impression.’ ”

LITERATURE.

BLEDDYN.—A “Welsh National Tale” has recently been produced under this title by Mr. W. S. Wickenden, “Bard of the Forest,” and author of “Count Glarus of Switzerland,” and of which indeed a prospective notice has already appeared in the CAMBRO-BRITON*. In addition to this it was in contemplation to offer in the present Number a general review of this “nation tale;” but a considerable influx of original communications in the course of the last month, added to the circumstance of this being the last Number of the Volume, has occasioned an abandonment of this design, and obliges us to confine our remarks to a few of the most prominent features of the work. And to these if possible shall be subjoined one or two extracts.

It is impossible not to admit, that the Tale of “Bleddyn” evinces proofs of no common talent; and, when the situation in life of the writer,—who “is devoted to husbandry, and is as little blessed by education as fortune,”—is taken into consideration, the credit due to him is greatly enhanced. But, however desirable it may be on this account to encourage his present attempt, and however invidious the task of repressing, in the least degree, the flight of talent, there is a point however, to which we must still pay a paramount regard, without any reference to the considerations alluded to. *Amicus Socrates, amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas.* Under the influence of this impression it is, that we feel we cannot bestow an unqualified encomium on Mr. Wickenden’s publication without compromising those very interests,

* Vol ii. p. 46.

which he has so laudably endeavoured to promote. The Tale of "Bleddyn" is certainly not deficient in merit: it possesses many of those qualities, which indicate the work of a strong natural genius. But there are other requisites, indispensable to the writer of a "national tale," and which it is more than probable Mr. Wickenden has not had the means of acquiring. These are such, as result from an intimate acquaintance with the people, whose manners he undertakes to describe; they are, in a word, such as have given to the great Scotch novels a charm at once matchless and imperishable. But it would be unfair to the author of "Bleddyn" to try his merits by this standard, notwithstanding the predilection, he expresses, in his introductory chapter, for this great "unknown." And the close approximation of one of his characters, Mabil Evan, to Meg Merrilies proves that he had not studied him in vain.

From the observations premised, it will not be expected that we should offer even an outline of this tale, which, however, is at once simple and sufficiently natural. The faults of the work consist more indeed in its particular features than in its general complexion. The characters are, with one or two exceptions, not such as a person will find amongst the Welsh mountains: nor did they perhaps exist at the period to which the tale relates, the time of the Commonwealth and the Restoration of Charles. Sir Llywelyn Meredydd, in particular, is rather a caricature than a faithful portrait: and the notion in p. 19 of the first volume of his "tracing his descent from Camber, third son of Brute," is quite at variance with the national possessions of the old Welsh gentry, who never dream of such a personage as Camber. The character of the Bard too is much overdrawn; but that of Hywel ab Meredydd and Cynan, as well as that of Col. Williams, generally speaking, offer nothing very objectionable, and, if separated from their local associations, are, in every way, respectably drawn. Upon the whole, therefore, we would repeat, that the blemishes in this novel do not affect its general character, but merely as it professes to be in every respect a faithful portrait of Welsh manners. We would also observe, that the word Welsh is misspelt throughout: it is not "Welch," as it is written in every page.

It is with real pleasure, after these prefatory remarks, imperiously demanded by the occasion, that we offer the following extract, which cannot fail to afford a favourable opinion of the

writer's ability. It describes the first discovery by Col. Williams of Bleddyn the hero of the story.

"It was on a dark winter's evening that Colonel Williams, of Llangalt, was returning home from visiting a friend. His way lay along the sea-coast to the north of Caernarvon. A large quantity of snow had fallen, and almost choaked the little rivulets that fell into the Irish Channel. Here and there the stream, rendered black by contrast, appeared struggling through the surrounding impediments, and slowly pursuing its noiseless course. A few oaks, with their branches encrusted over with an icy substance, gave a cast of the picturesque to the wintry scene, and oft a gust of wind brushed away the pendent ice wreaths, which fell clattering on the frozen snow beneath.

"Colonel Williams now entered upon the Lavan sands, which, according to tradition, once formed an extensive valley. They were, at that period, very dangerous, the poles, which are now fixed as marks to avoid the quicksands, being then not so numerous. The winds began to blow with great violence, and the waves burst in dark eddies on the shore. Colonel Williams, however, with that buoyancy of spirit, which formed a prominent feature in his character, spurred his horse forward at a gallop, in order to keep time to the tune of Joe Pulleine's horn, which he vehemently whistled.

"The Colonel, after being more than once in danger of being swallowed up, cleared the sands, when the gigantic Penmaen Mawr arose like a dense cloud before him, and the pass by which it was ascended appeared a narrow white line, sometimes visible as it wound round some terrific precipice, at others lost amid the deep gullies torn in the mountain by the contending elements. On a nearer survey it appeared dangerous in the extreme. Immense masses of rock, which had been precipitated from the summit of the mountain, were arrested in their course, and hung suspended on projecting ledges, appearing to the terrified imagination in the act of taking another rebound.

"The storm which had long been gathering now burst with great violence, and the snow, which fell apparently in one solid mass, compelled Williams to seek shelter in a crevice beneath a protruding crag, well known as the spot where the Hermit Serriol, celebrated by David Ewain, once secluded himself. Here, in perfect safety, he listened to the elemental war. The dashing of the waves against the craggy rocks, the howling of the wind, as it rushed through the narrow ravines of the mountain, and the crash occasioned by the fall of disjointed pieces of rock from the sterile regions above, were awful and sublime.

"After an hour of continued snow the sky grew clearer, the snow abated, but the winds still blew a perfect hurricane, driving the waves on shore in foamy masses, which, without speaking hyperbo-

lically, might be said to be mountains high, and by the moon-beams, which faintly struggled from between two dense clouds, he perceived a ship obviously in distress drifting towards the shore, sometimes lost between the immense columns of water which appeared to burst over her.

"She now fired several guns of distress, which soon drew a large concourse of spectators, who formed in detached groups along the beach.

" 'She'll founder,' said a short square-built man, in a blue jacket, 'the wind blows like the devil in her teeth.'

" 'This is some of old Mabil's doings,' said another.

" 'The old witch generally sends us a good wind,' said the first. 'See how she rolls!—that's it, blow, my bretty breeze; she founders by ——, and now, my boys, look sharp a head for the glorious kegs of prime old sack.'

"His words were true, she struck on a sunken rock; dreadful shrieks announced the fate of the unhappy crew, who were precipitated amid the waves without the least chance of assistance from shore. Several were seen struggling at intervals above the foam, for a considerable time after she struck.

This circumstance seemed the signal for an universal movement on shore. Several plunged into the water, not to save the unhappy sufferers, but to get possession of the kegs, bales, and other parts of the unfortunate ship's cargo that drifted near the beach. Nay, so intent were they on this disgraceful plunder, that several bodies which were cast on shore were inhumanly stripped, and again plunged in the waves. It was in vain that Colonel Williams endeavoured to stem this torrent of inhumanity; in vain he conjured them to remember the hospitable, generous, open-hearted character of their Cambrian brethren. His remonstrances were, at first, treated with derision, and afterwards with threats. Disgusted at this disgraceful scene, he was going to recommence his journey, when he saw something floating on the water, in a little creek, at the foot of a steep ledge of rock. He supposed, at first, it was a detached part of the wreck, but, on hearing a faint cry proceeding from it, he advanced, and found an infant floating in a small coracle, common among the peasants of Wales. Rejoiced that he had been the means of rescuing the little innocent from a watery grave, he wrapt it up warmly in his coat, and mounting his horse, proceeded on his journey."

HORÆ BRITANNICÆ.—The readers of the CAMBRO-BRITON will be glad to hear, that the patriotic author of this national work contemplates the publication of a supplemental volume, "which will contain a translation of the Welsh Historical Triads, with two Essays presented to the Cambrian Society in Dyved," as well as other interesting matter connected with Welsh literature.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

AT the suggestion of several friends of the CAMBRO-BRITON, the EDITOR has adopted the resolution of making an alteration in the manner, in which the work will hereafter be published. Instead of monthly, as heretofore, it will be published QUARTERLY, the first Number under the new arrangement to appear on the FIRST of next OCTOBER. The advantages, proposed by this change, cannot but be sufficiently obvious, since it will allow not only of more time for maturing the contents of each Number, but will also enable the EDITOR considerably to enlarge his plan, and consequently to avoid the inconvenience, which must occasionally have resulted from the limits, to which he has hitherto been confined. And, with reference to this subject, it is hardly necessary to add, that the Quarterly Number will be considerably larger than the present; and, of course, with the size, the price must be proportionably encreased. All, however, that can now be stated with certainty on this latter point, is, that the price shall not exceed *four shillings*, and that the four Quarterly Numbers will form a volume, about equal in size to the present.

The Two Volumes, now published, form in themselves a complete work, and will be found, perhaps, to possess some claims on the attention of those, for whom our national literature has any attractions.

To the Correspondents of the CAMBRO-BRITON, the EDITOR has only in general terms to return his grateful acknowledgement of their favours: and he hopes he may still look forward to a continuance of their kind and valuable co-operation. For he cannot have the presumption to rely, with any degree of confidence, on his own unaided exertions. He could here particularize many, to whose assistance he is especially indebted; but the space, to which he is limited, will, unfortunately, not permit him to indulge his feelings in this respect. However, he may say generally, that he has to renew the expression of his gratitude to most of the gentlemen, whose names were mentioned in the Advertisement to the first Volume; and he also owes it to two or three others, who have since favoured him with their assistance.

ERRORS CORRECTED.

No. 21. P. 419 l. 13 *for* "Palagians" *read* Pelagians.

422 l. 32 *for* "British" *read* Breton.

428 l. 19. *for* "this" *read* his.

429 l. 14 *for* "his" *read* him.

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